DELL COMIC

APRIL

10¢

Roy Rogers Comics



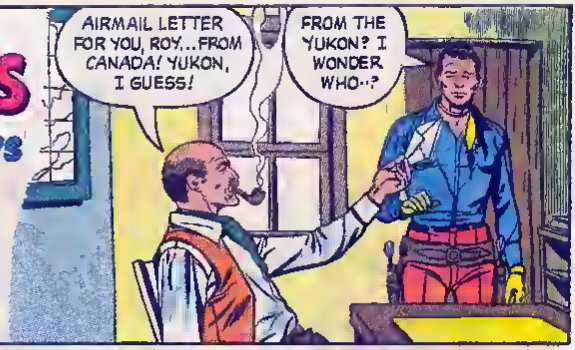
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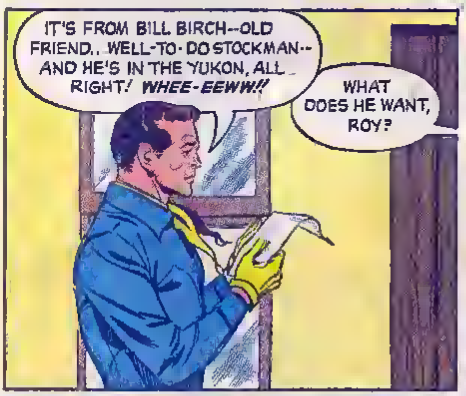


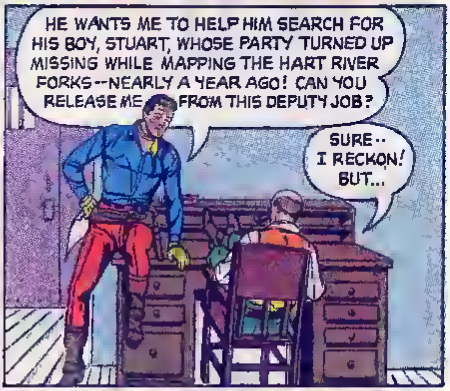
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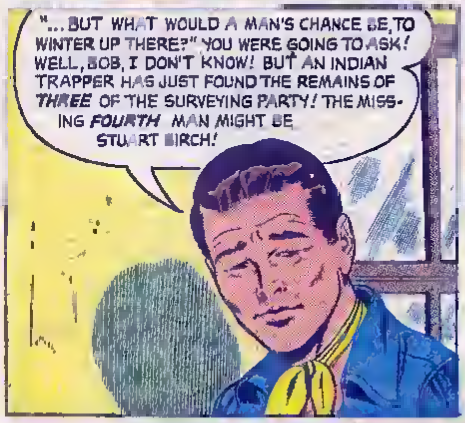
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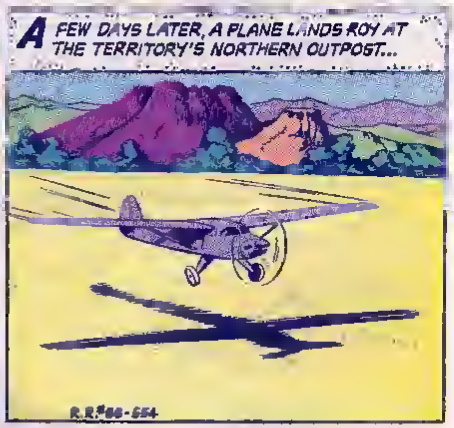
Roy Rogers
KING OF THE COWBOYS
and
THE SEARCH











R.R.#56-554

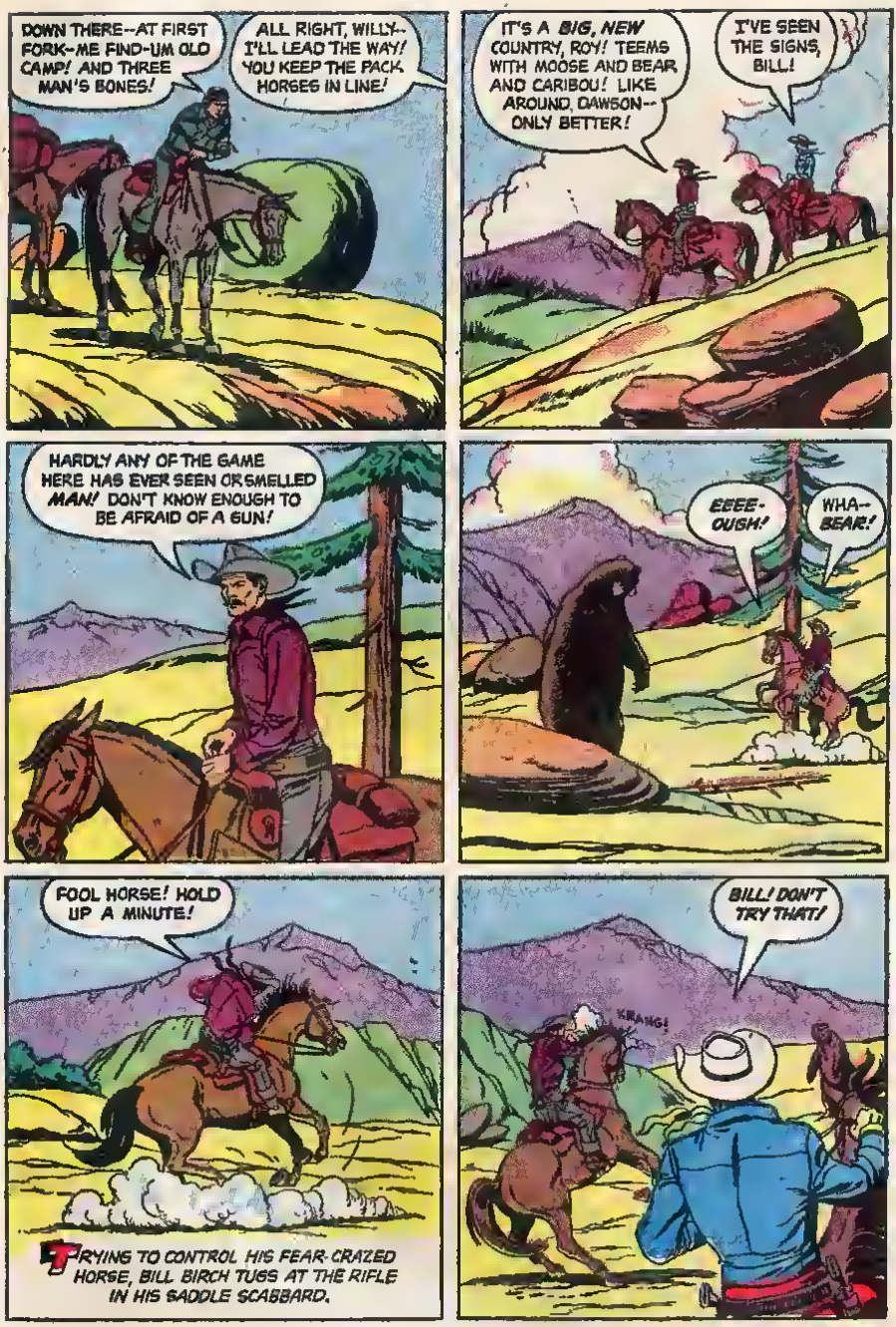
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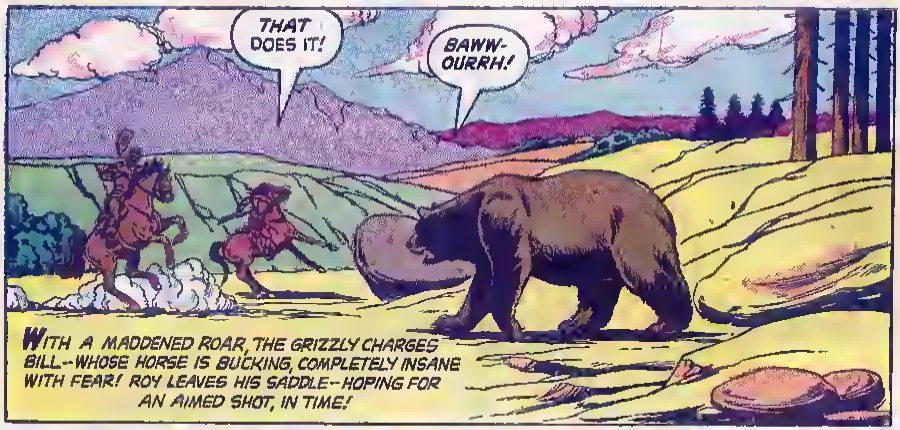
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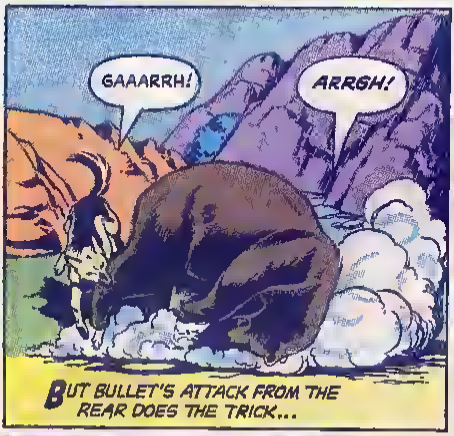
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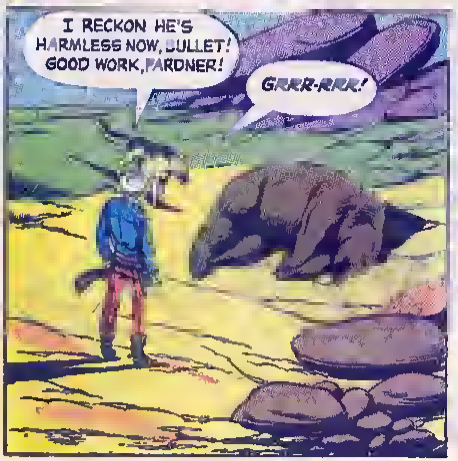

ROY! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET AN OLD PARDNER DOWN! YOU EVEN BROUGHT YOUR DOG, BULLET!
I'D HAVE BROUGHT TRIGGER IF I COULD, BILL!
I HAVE A PACK-HORSE OUTFIT READY TO JUMP OFF FOR HART RIVER--AND A SADDLE HORSE FOR YOU!
THANKS, BILL! SHALL WE START NOW?
AS SOON AS WE EAT! WE HIRED THE INDIAN WHO FOUND THE--THE REMAINS OF STUART'S OUTFIT! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OGILVIE MOUNTAINS, YOU KNOW...
TEN DAYS LATER, AS THE PACK TRAIN TOPS A MOUNTAIN SHOULDER...
THERE! THE "FIVE FORKS" BASIN!"

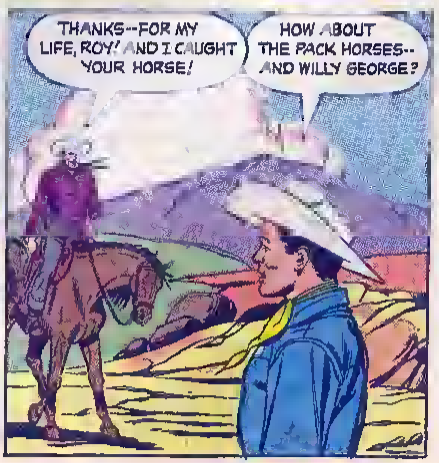

DOWN THERE--AT FIRST FORK--ME FIND-UM OLD CAMP! AND THREE MAN'S BONES!
ALL RIGHT, WILLY--I'LL LEAD THE WAY! YOU KEEP THE PACK HORSES IN LINE!
IT'S A BIG, NEW COUNTRY, ROY! TEEMS WITH MOOSE AND BEAR AND CARIBOU! LIKE AROUND DAWSON--ONLY BETTER!
I'VE SEEN THE SIGNS, BILL!
HARDLY ANY OF THE GAME HERE HAS EVER SEEN OR SMELLED MAN! DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO BE AFRAID OF A GUN!
EEEE-OUGH!
WHA--BEAR!
FOOL HORSE! HOLD UP A MINUTE!
TRYING TO CONTROL HIS FEAR-CRAZED HORSE, BILL BIRCH TUGS AT THE RIFLE IN HIS SADDLE SCABBARD.
BILL! DON'T TRY THAT!
KRANG!

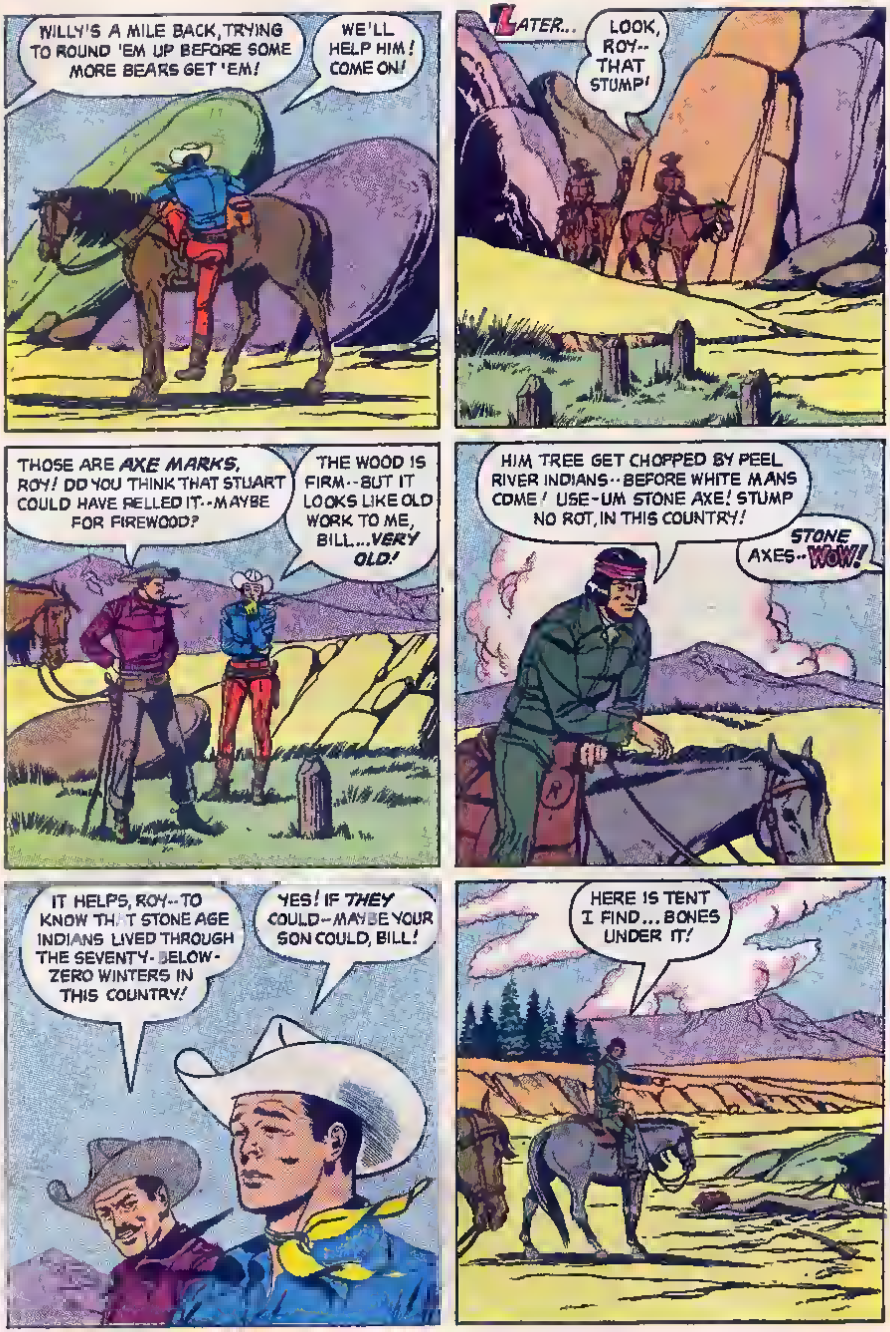

THAT DOES IT!
BAWW-OURRH!
WITH A MADDENED ROAR, THE GRIZZLY CHARGES BILL--WHOSE HORSE IS BUCKING, COMPLETELY INSANE WITH FEAR! ROY LEAVES HIS SADDLE--HOPING FOR AN AIMED SHOT, IN TIME!

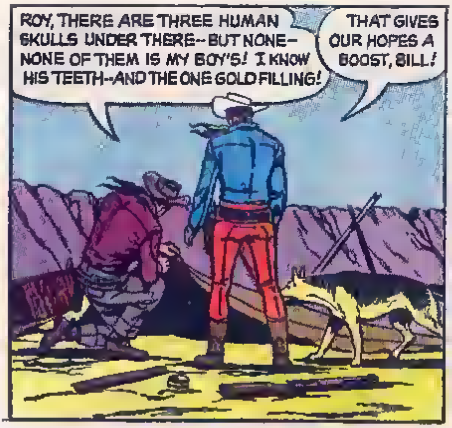

GAAARRH!
ARRGH!
BUT BULLET'S ATTACK FROM THE REAR DOES THE TRICK...

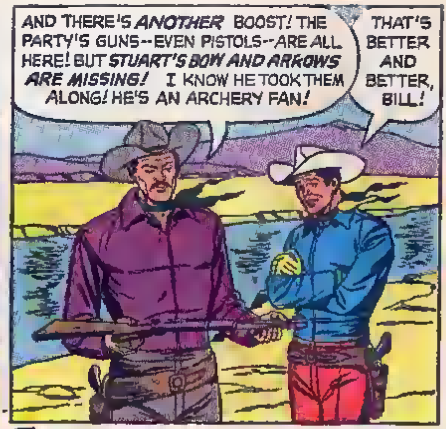

KRANG!
.. GIVING ROY THE SHOT HE WANTS!


I RECKON HE'S HARMLESS NOW, BULLET! GOOD WORK, PARDNER!
GRRR-RRR!

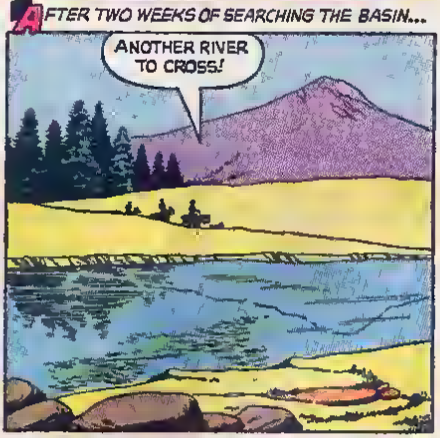

THANKS--FOR MY LIFE, ROY! AND I CAUGHT YOUR HORSE!
HOW ABOUT THE PACK HORSES--AND WILLY GEORGE?

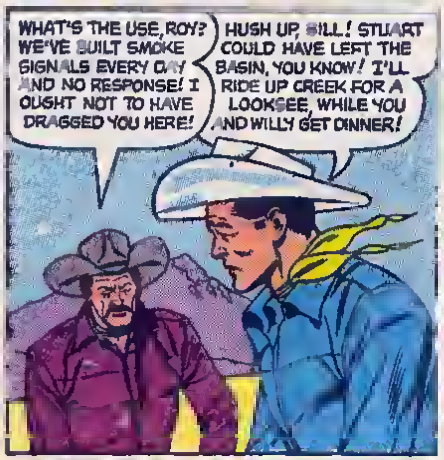

WILLY'S A MILE BACK, TRYING TO ROUND 'EM UP BEFORE SOME MORE BEARS GET 'EM!
WE'LL HELP HIM! COME ON!
LATER...
LOOK, ROY--THAT STUMP!
THOSE ARE AXE MARKS, ROY! DO YOU THINK THAT STUART COULD HAVE FELLED IT--MAYBE FOR FIREWOOD?
THE WOOD IS FIRM--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE OLD WORK TO ME, BILL...VERY OLD!
HIM TREE GET CHOPPED BY PEEL RIVER INDIANS--BEFORE WHITE MANS COME! USE-UM STONE AXE! STUMP NO ROT, IN THIS COUNTRY!
STONE AXES--WOW!
IT HELPS, ROY--TO KNOW THAT STONE AGE INDIANS LIVED THROUGH THE SEVENTY-BELOW-ZERO WINTERS IN THIS COUNTRY!
YES! IF THEY COULD--MAYBE YOUR SON COULD, BILL!
HERE IS TENT I FIND... BONES UNDER IT!


ROY, THERE ARE THREE HUMAN SKULLS UNDER THERE--BUT NONE--NONE OF THEM IS MY BOY'S! I KNOW HIS TEETH--AND THE ONE GOLD FILLING!
THAT GIVES OUR HOPES A BOOST, BILL!

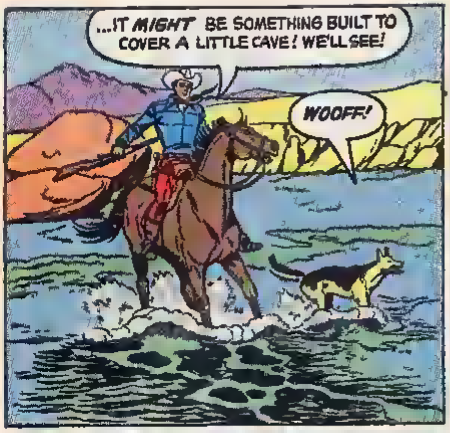

AND THERE'S ANOTHER BOOST! THE PARTY'S GUNS--EVEN PISTOLS--ARE ALL HERE! BUT STUART'S BOW AND ARROWS ARE MISSING! I KNOW HE TOOK THEM ALONG! HE'S AN ARCHERY FAN!
THAT'S BETTER AND BETTER, BILL!

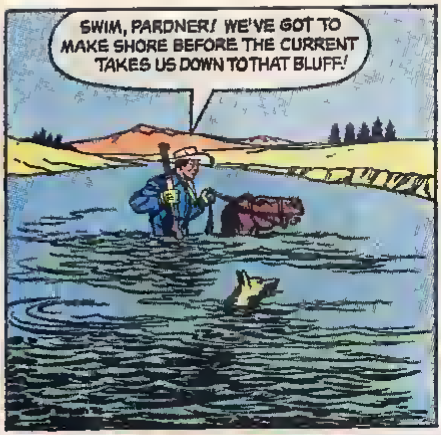

ROY, I'VE ANOTHER IDEA! IN THE MORNING WE'LL BUILD UP THIS CAMPFIRE AND PUT WET WOOD ON IT TO MAKE A BIG SMOKE...
...SO ANYBODY IN THE BASIN WOULD HAVE TO SEE IT! FINE!

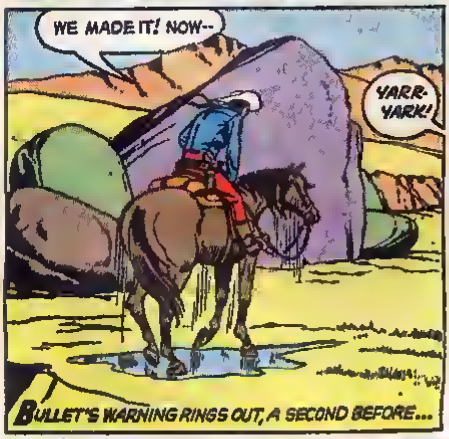

AFTER TWO WEEKS OF SEARCHING THE BASIN...
ANOTHER RIVER TO CROSS!

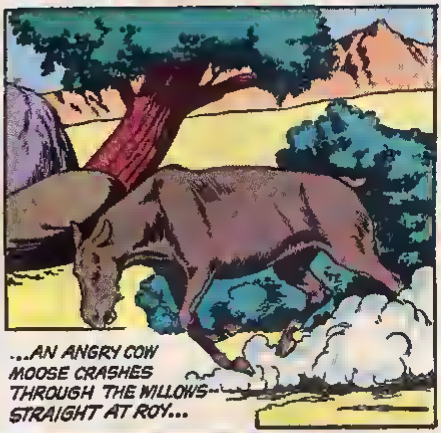

WHAT'S THE USE, ROY? WE'VE BUILT SMOKE SIGNALS EVERY DAY AND NO RESPONSE! I OUGHT NOT TO HAVE DRAGGED YOU HERE!
HUSH UP, BILL! STUART COULD HAVE LEFT THE BASIN, YOU KNOW! I'LL RIDE UP CREEK FOR A LOOKSEE, WHILE YOU AND WILLY GET DINNER!


THERE'S SOMETHING--AT THE BASE OF THAT CLIFF! THOSE UPRIGHT, SHORT LOGS...

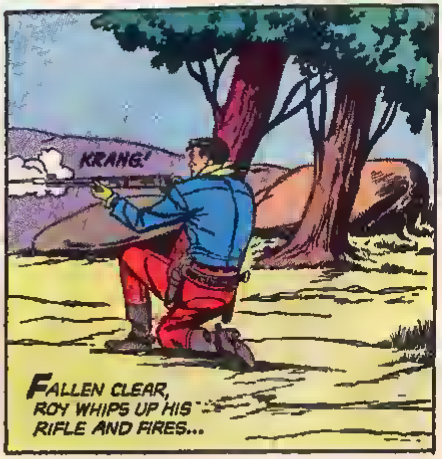

...IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING BUILT TO COVER A LITTLE CAVE! WE'LL SEE!
WOOFF!


SWIM, PARDNER! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SHORE BEFORE THE CURRENT TAKES US DOWN TO THAT BLUFF!

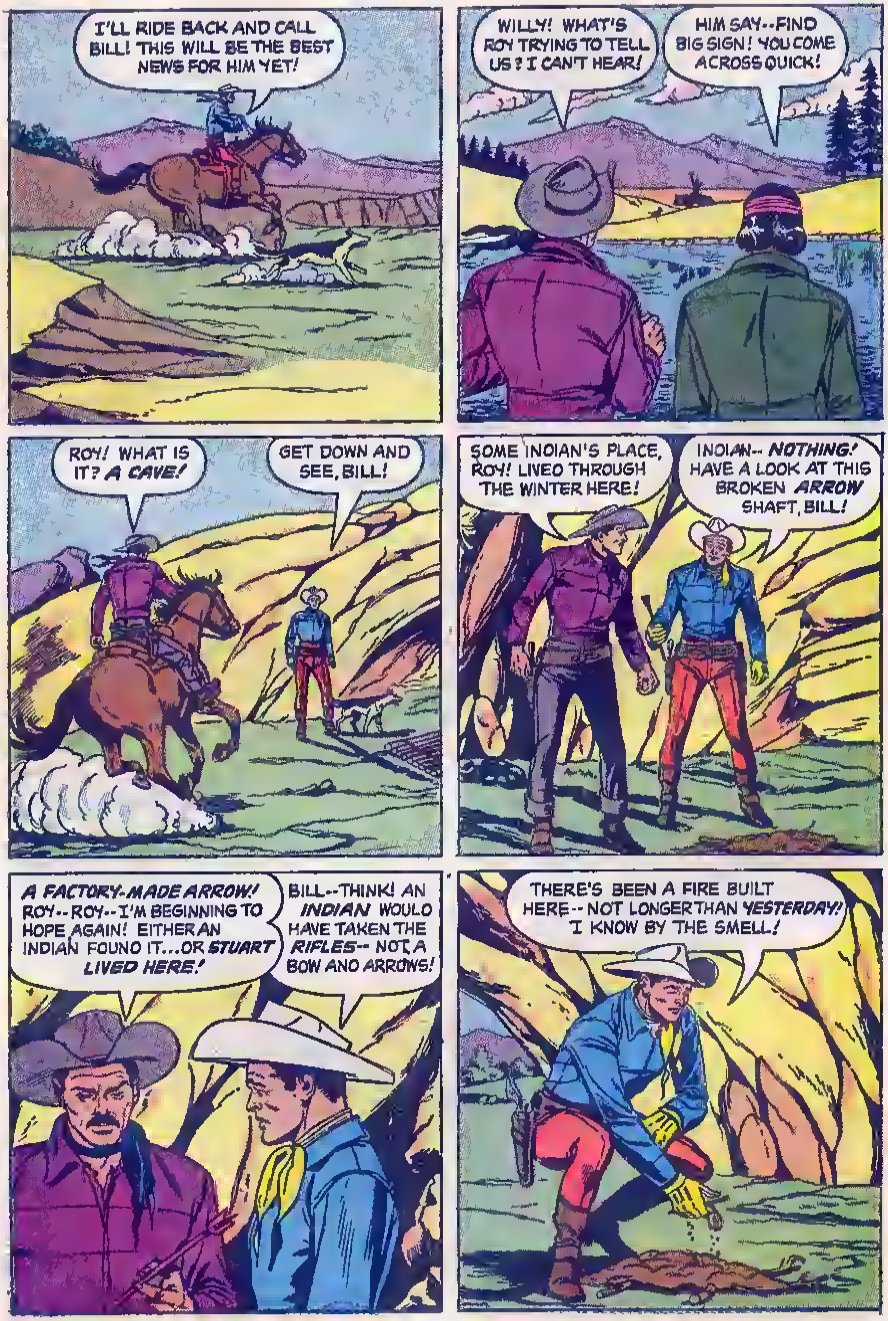

WE MADE IT! NOW--
YARR-YARK!
BULLET'S WARNING RINGS OUT, A SECOND BEFORE...

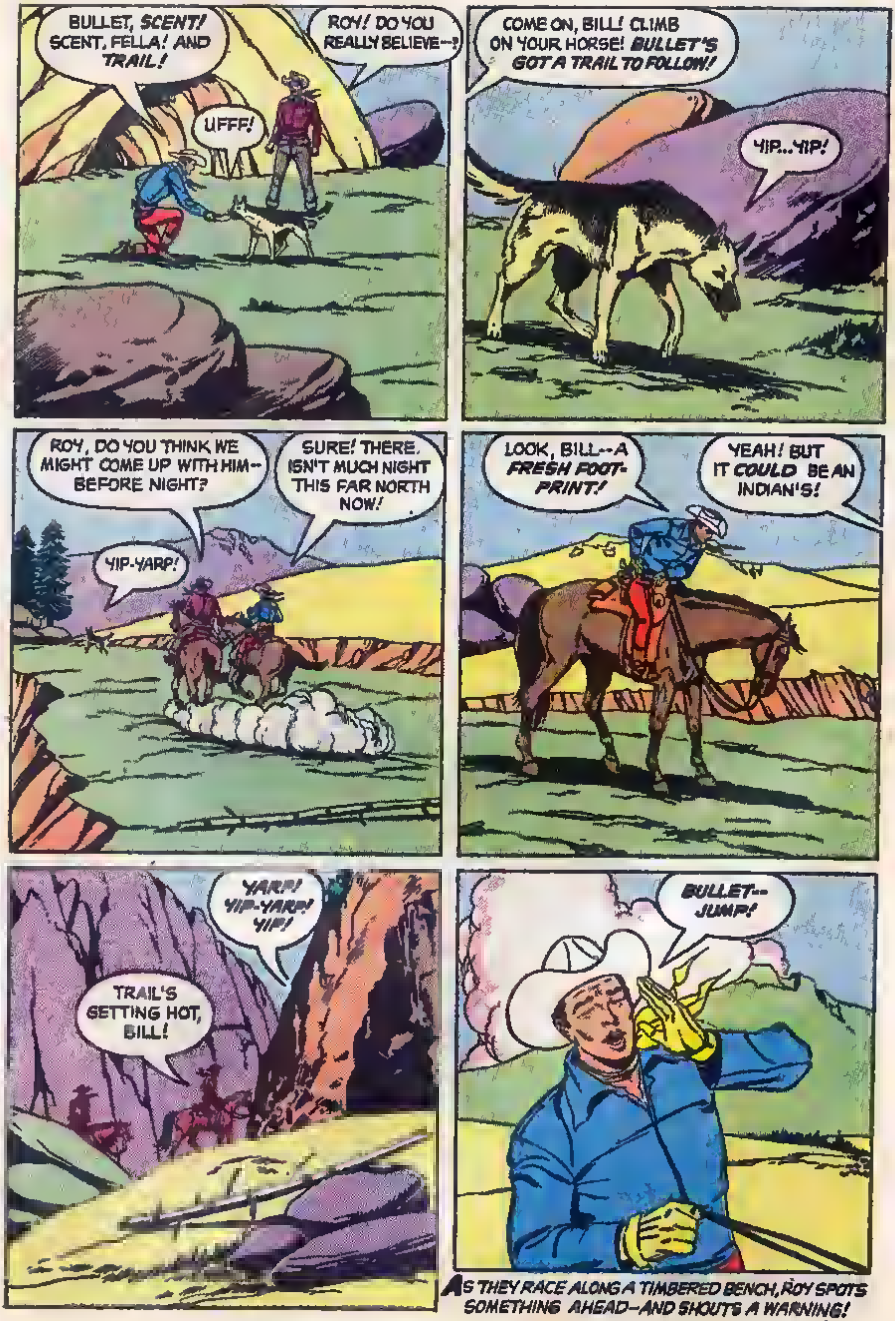

...AN ANGRY COW MOOSE CRASHES THROUGH THE WILLOWS--STRAIGHT AT ROY...


UNNHH!
EEE-UNH!
PILE-DRIVER HOOFS STRIKE THE SADDLE--WHERE ROY'S LEG RESTED A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE!

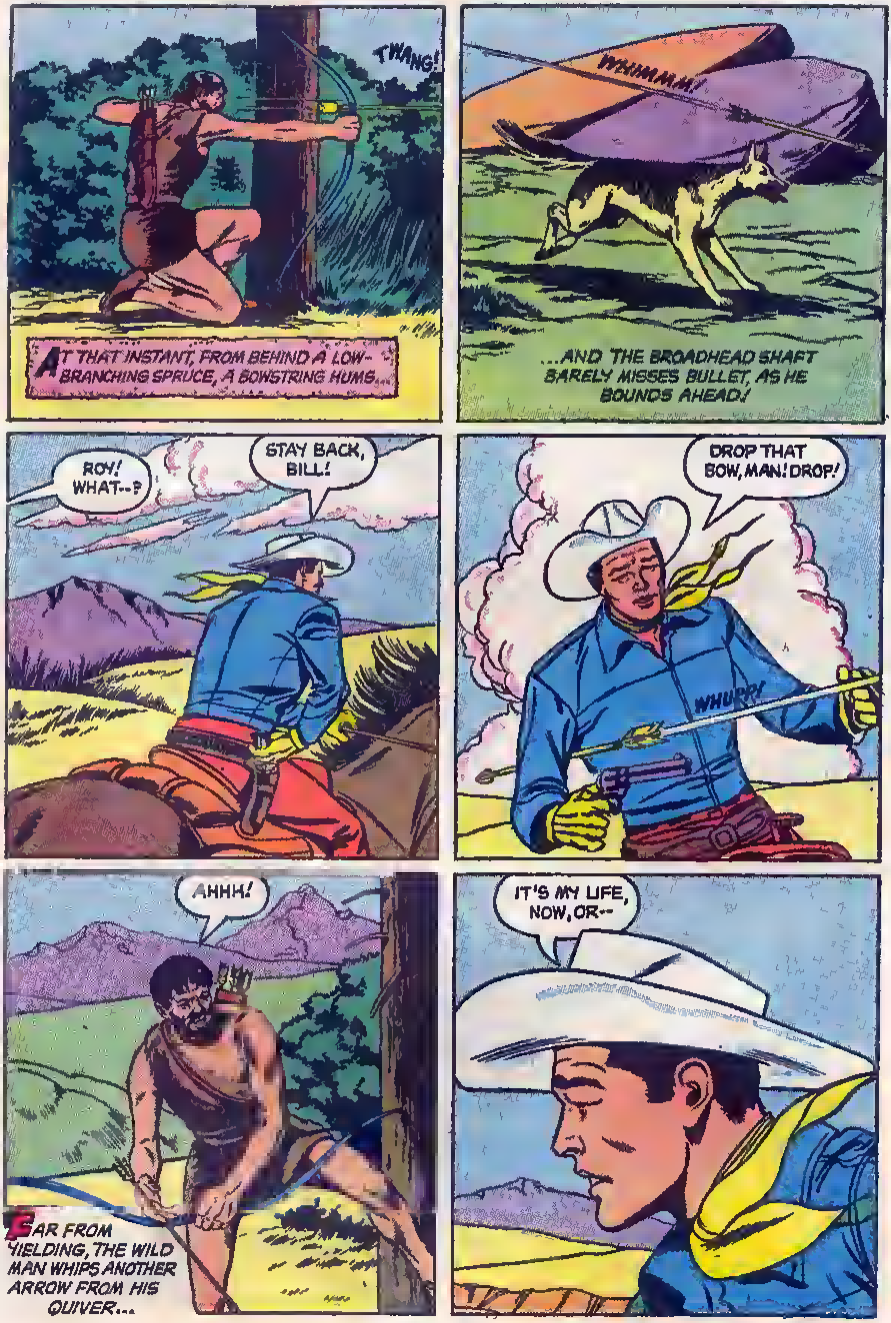

KRANG!
FALLEN CLEAR, ROY WHIPS UP HIS RIFLE AND FIRES...

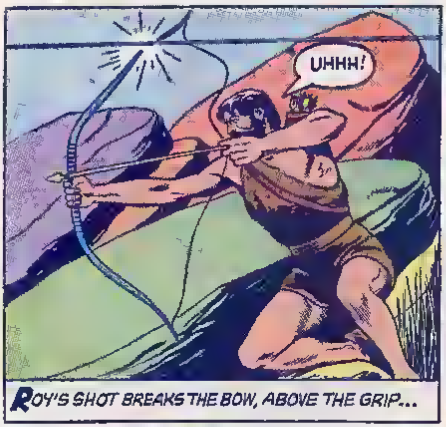

EASY THERE, PONY! YOU'RE NOT HURT! I'LL GET YOU OUT FROM UNDER!
UNHH! EEEEE-OUGH!
THERE! NOW YOU CAN GET UP, PARDNER!
THAT COW MOOSE PROBABLY HAD A NEW BORN CALF HIDDEN SOMEWHERE-- AND THOUGHT SHE WAS DEFENDING IT! MAYBE SOME OTHER COW WILL NURSE IT!
WELL! I'LL BET THAT DOES COVER A CAVE DWELLING! AND THOSE LOGS LOOK FAIRLY FRESH!
SOMEBODY IN THERE, BULLET? OR HAS SOMEBODY BEEN THERE LATELY?
SNIFF!
A DEN! A HUMAN DEN! FURS--BEAR AND CARIBOU--FOR BEDDING!


I'LL RIDE BACK AND CALL BILL! THIS WILL BE THE BEST NEWS FOR HIM YET!
WILLY! WHAT'S ROY TRYING TO TELL US? I CAN'T HEAR!
HIM SAY--FIND BIG SIGN! YOU COME ACROSS QUICK!
ROY! WHAT IS IT? A CAVE!
GET DOWN AND SEE, BILL!
SOME INDIAN'S PLACE, ROY! LIVED THROUGH THE WINTER HERE!
INDIAN-- NOTHING! HAVE A LOOK AT THIS BROKEN ARROW SHAFT, BILL!
A FACTORY-MADE ARROW! ROY--ROY--I'M BEGINNING TO HOPE AGAIN! EITHER AN INDIAN FOUND IT...OR STUART LIVED HERE!
BILL--THINK! AN INDIAN WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE RIFLES-- NOT A BOW AND ARROWS!
THERE'S BEEN A FIRE BUILT HERE-- NOT LONGER THAN YESTERDAY! I KNOW BY THE SMELL!

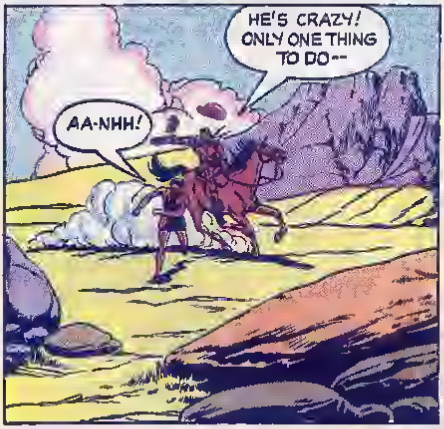


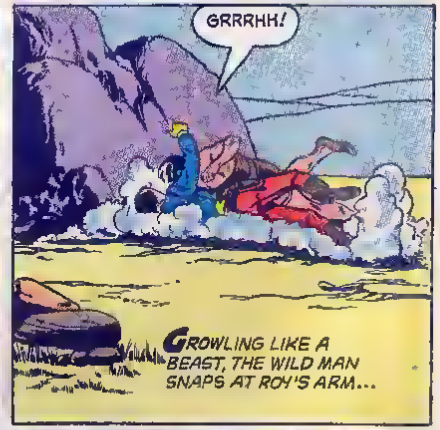
AS THEY RACE ALONG A TIMBERED BENCH, ROY SPOTS SOMETHING AHEAD--AND SHOUTS A WARNING!


TWANG!
AT THAT INSTANT, FROM BEHIND A LOW-BRANCHING SPRUCE, A BOWSTRING HUMS...
WHHMMM!
...AND THE BROADHEAD SHAFT BARELY MISSES BULLET, AS HE BOUNDS AHEAD!
ROY! WHAT--?
STAY BACK, BILL!
DROP THAT BOW, MAN! DROP!
WHUPP!
AHHH!
FAR FROM YIELDING, THE WILD MAN WHIPS ANOTHER ARROW FROM HIS QUIVER...
IT'S MY LIFE, NOW, OR--


UHHH!
ROY'S SHOT BREAKS THE BOW, ABOVE THE GRIP...

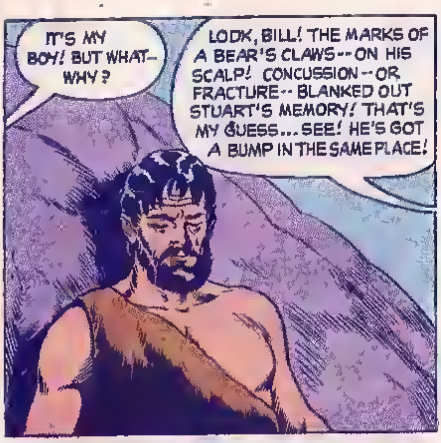

STUART! STUART BIRCH! WAIT!


HE'S CRAZY! ONLY ONE THING TO DO--
AA-NHH!

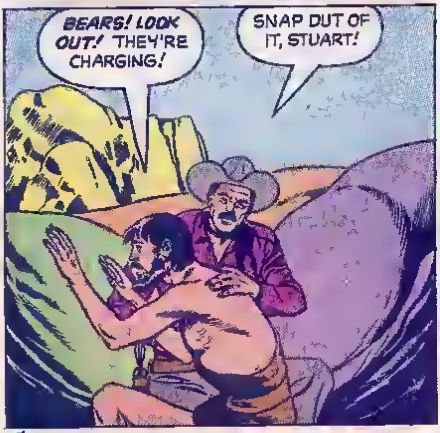

GRRRHH!
GROWLING LIKE A BEAST, THE WILD MAN SNAPS AT ROY'S ARM...

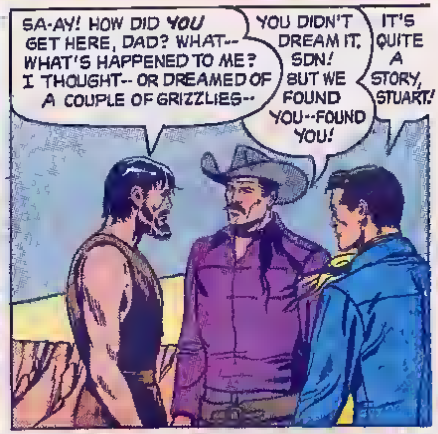

KLUNK!
AND THEN, AS THEY ROLL OVER AND OVER...


ROY! HE-- HE ISN'T--?
HURT? NOT MUCH, BILL! A BANG ON THE HEAD FROM THAT ROCK!

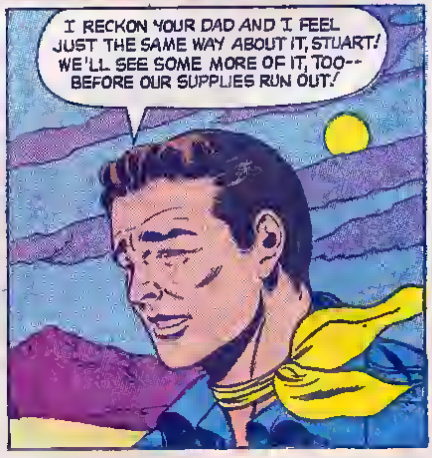

IT'S MY BOY! BUT WHAT—WHY?
LOOK, BILL! THE MARKS OF A BEAR'S CLAWS--ON HIS SCALP! CONCUSSION--OR FRACTURE--BLANKED OUT STUART'S MEMORY! THAT'S MY GUESS... SEE! HE'S GOT A BUMP IN THE SAME PLACE!


TAKE IT EASY, STU--!
UMMMH! WOW! WHAT A HEAD I'VE GOT!


BEARS! LOOK OUT! THEY'RE CHARGING!
SNAP OUT OF IT, STUART!


SA-AY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE, DAD? WHAT--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME? I THOUGHT--OR DREAMED OF A COUPLE OF GRIZZLIES--
YOU DIDN'T DREAM IT, SON! BUT WE FOUND YOU--FOUND YOU!
IT'S QUITE A STORY, STUART!


LATER...
SO--THAT SECOND BUMP ON THE HEAD CURED ME - BROUGHT BACK MY MEMORY! BUT NOTHING WILL EVER CURE ME OF LOVING THIS BIG, NEW COUNTRY! WHAT DO YOU SAY, ROY?

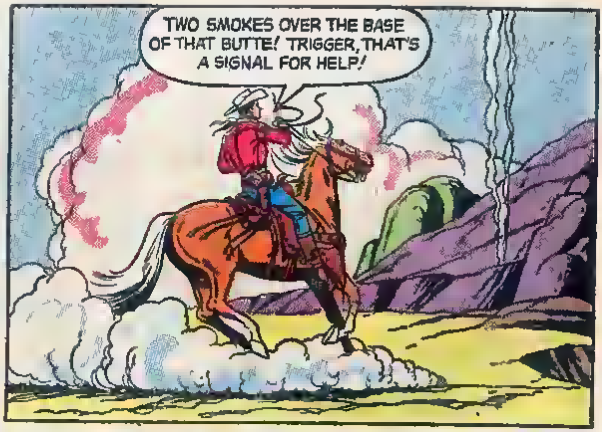

I RECKON YOUR DAD AND I FEEL JUST THE SAME WAY ABOUT IT, STUART! WE'LL SEE SOME MORE OF IT, TOO--BEFORE OUR SUPPLIES RUN OUT!

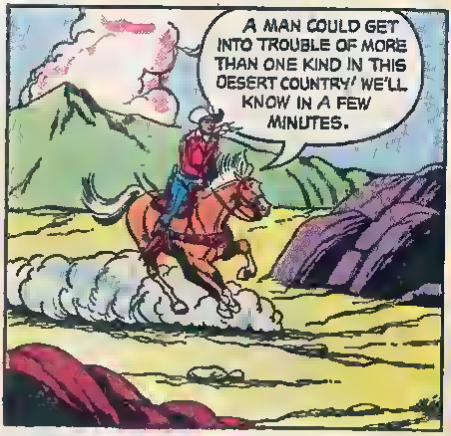
Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

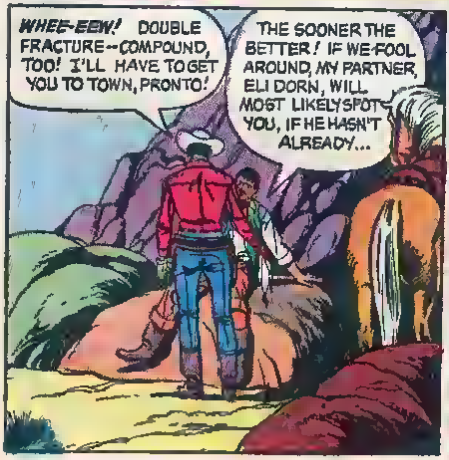
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RED LEDGE GOLD

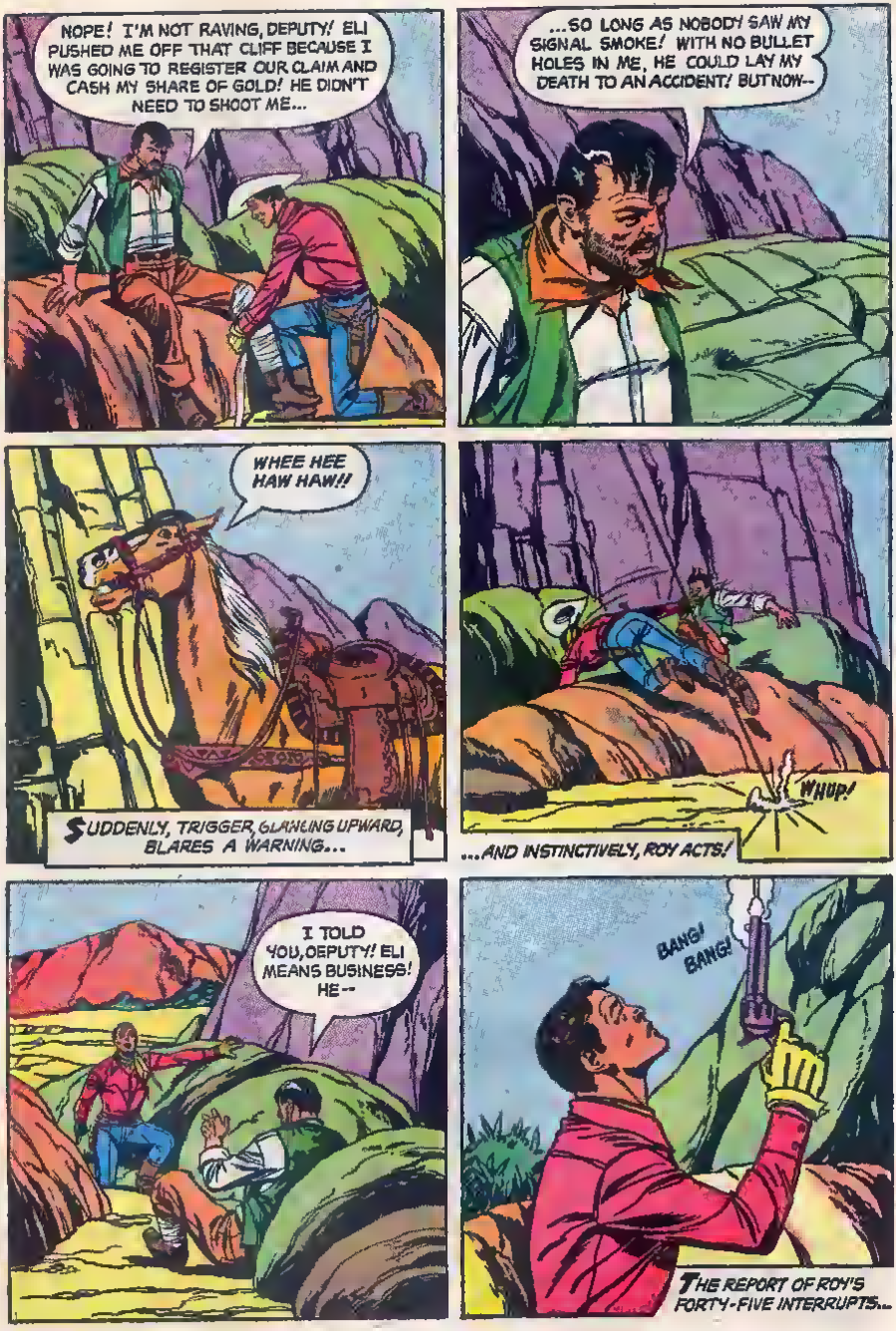




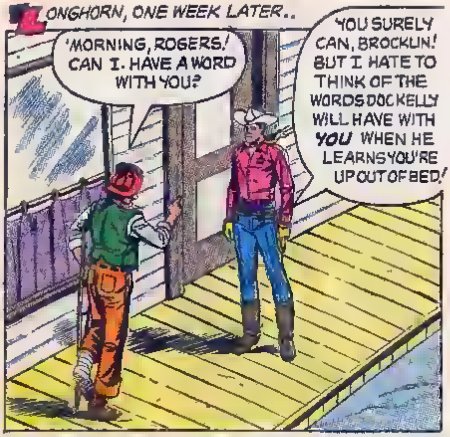


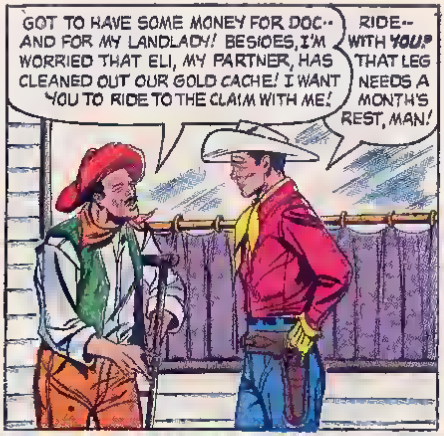


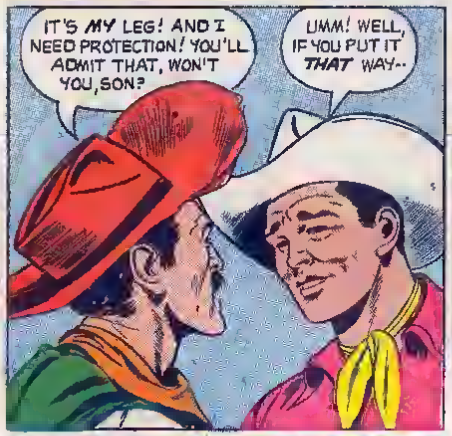


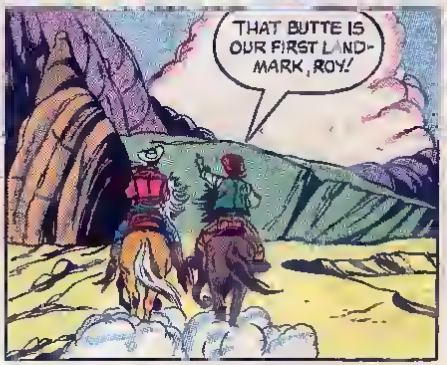

NOPE! I'M NOT RAVING, DEPUTY! ELI PUSHED ME OFF THAT CLIFF BECAUSE I WAS GOING TO REGISTER OUR CLAIM AND CASH MY SHARE OF GOLD! HE DIDN'T NEED TO SHOOT ME...
...SO LONG AS NOBODY SAW MY SIGNAL SMOKE! WITH NO BULLET HOLES IN ME, HE COULD LAY MY DEATH TO AN ACCIDENT! BUT NOW--
WHEE HEE HAW HAW!!
SUDDENLY, TRIGGER, GLANCING UPWARD, BLARES A WARNING...
WHUP!
...AND INSTINCTIVELY, ROY ACTS!
I TOLD YOU, DEPUTY! ELI MEANS BUSINESS! HE--
BANG! BANG!
THE REPORT OF ROY'S FORTY-FIVE INTERRUPTS...


YEOW!
PING!
A YELL FROM THE CLIFF ECHOES IT..
NICE SHOOTING, DEPUTY--ONLY YOU LOST YOUR MAN!
I DIDN'T SHOOT AT HIM!
NOW IF YOU CAN STAND THE RIDE, I'LL PUT YOU UP BEHIND MY SADDLE.
THAT'S FINE... UNHH!
NOW, HEAD FOR OUR CLAIM, DEPUTY! I'LL POINT OUT THE LANDMARKS! GOT TO GET TO THAT GOLD BEFORE EL CLEANS IT OUT!
NO!
SORRY, OLD-TIMER--BUT YOUR LEG WILL BE GANGRENED IF YOU DON'T GET TO A DOCTOR IN A HURRY! WE'RE HEADING FOR TOWN!
DRAT YOU, DEPUTY! I'LL LOSE A FORTUNE! MY NAME IS BROCKLIN-- NOT "OLD-TIMER"!
MY HANDLE IS ROY ROGERS--AND I AIM TO GET YOU SAFELY TO LONGHORN TOWN, MR. BROCKLIN! A MAN'S LEG IS WORTH MORE THAN GOLD, I RECKON!

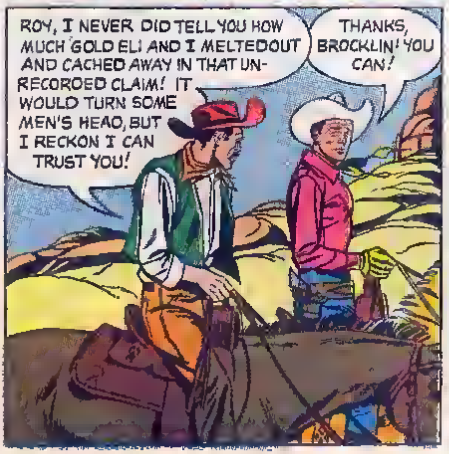


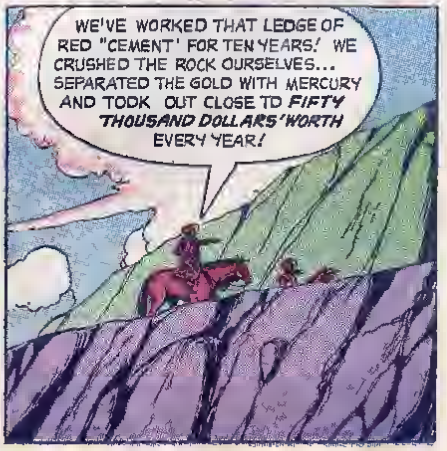


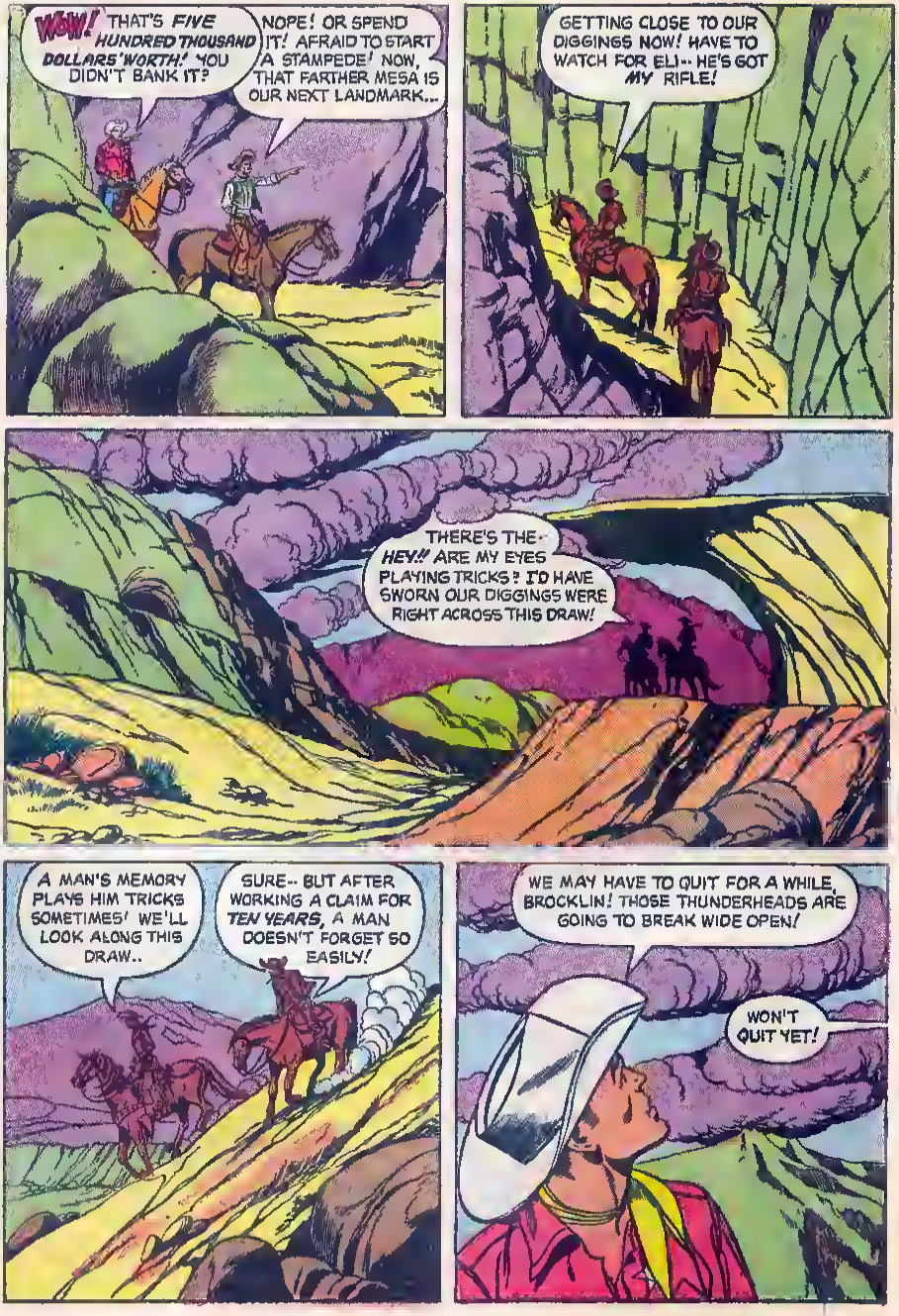


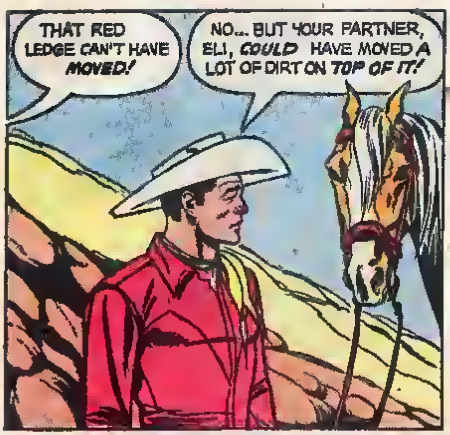


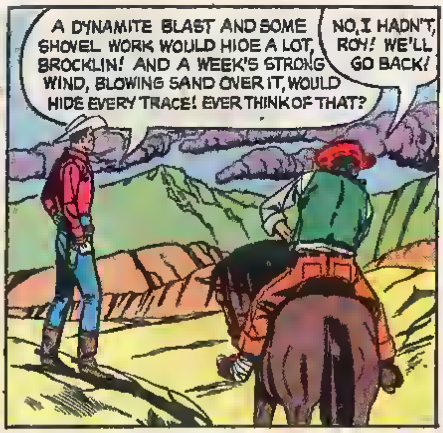
THAT SAME NOON--EVEN AT THE SLOW PACE SET BY BROCKLIN'S ACHING LEG AND BROKEN-DOWN LIVERY HORSE--SEES ROY AND THE PROSPECTOR IN THE DESERT.

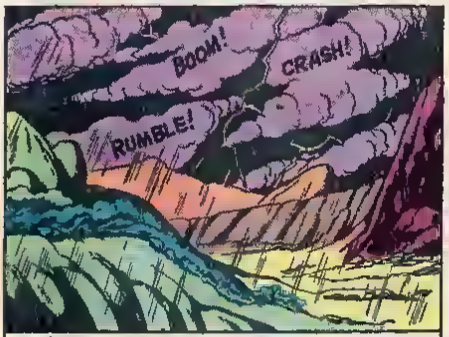





WOW! THAT'S FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS'WORTH! YOU DIDN'T BANK IT?
NOPE! OR SPEND IT! AFRAID TO START A STAMPEDE! NOW, THAT FARTHER MESA IS OUR NEXT LANDMARK...
GETTING CLOSE TO OUR DIGGINGS NOW! HAVE TO WATCH FOR ELI-- HE'S GOT MY RIFLE!
THERE'S THE-- HEY!! ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS? I'D HAVE SWORN OUR DIGGINGS WERE RIGHT ACROSS THIS DRAW!
A MAN'S MEMORY PLAYS HIM TRICKS SOMETIMES! WE'LL LOOK ALONG THIS DRAW..
SURE-- BUT AFTER WORKING A CLAIM FOR TEN YEARS, A MAN DOESN'T FORGET SO EASILY!
WE MAY HAVE TO QUIT FOR A WHILE, BROCKLIN! THOSE THUNDERHEADS ARE GOING TO BREAK WIDE OPEN!
WON'T QUIT YET!

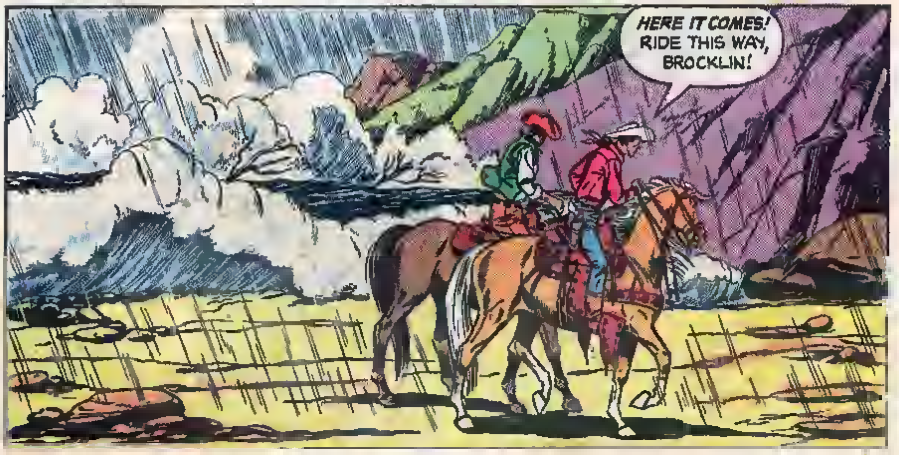


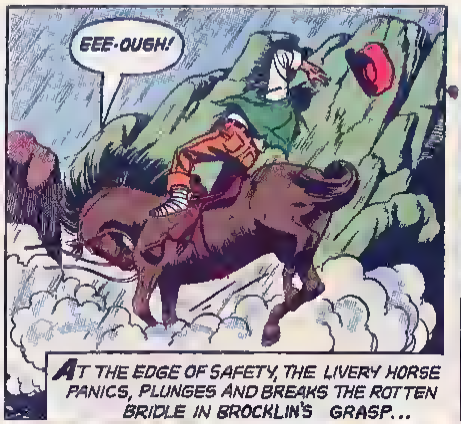




MEANWHILE, THE CLOUDS ROY POINTED OUT ARE SPILLING THEIR WATERY BURDEN ON THE HILLS AND MESA JUST ABOVE BROCKLIN'S DRAW...



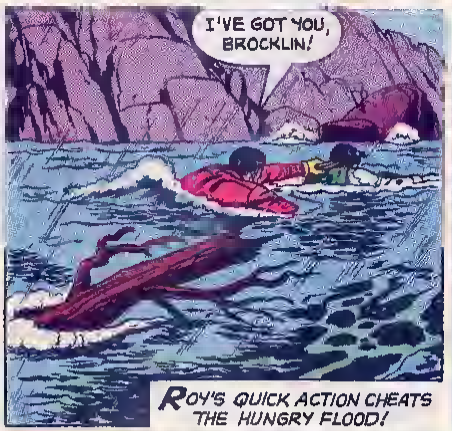




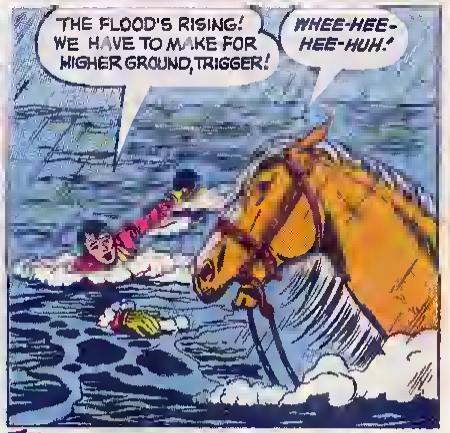
AT THE EDGE OF SAFETY, THE LIVERY HORSE PANICS, PLUNGES AND BREAKS THE ROTTEN BRIDLE IN BROCKLIN'S GRASP...

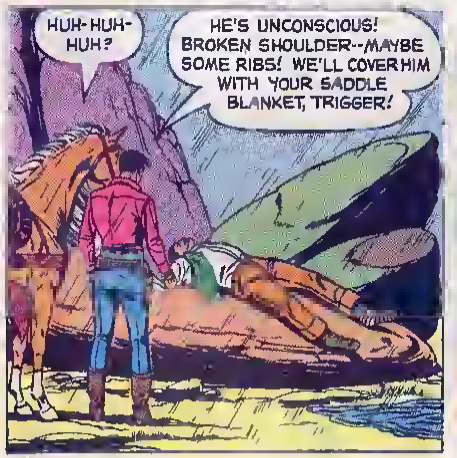


...LOSING HIS FOOTING IN THE EDGE OF THE SWIRLING WATER! A SPLINTERED TREE TRUNK DRIVES INTO BROCKLIN'S SHOULDER!

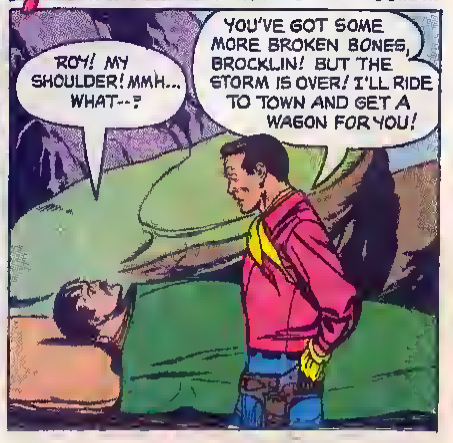


ROY'S QUICK ACTION CHEATS THE HUNGRY FLOOD!





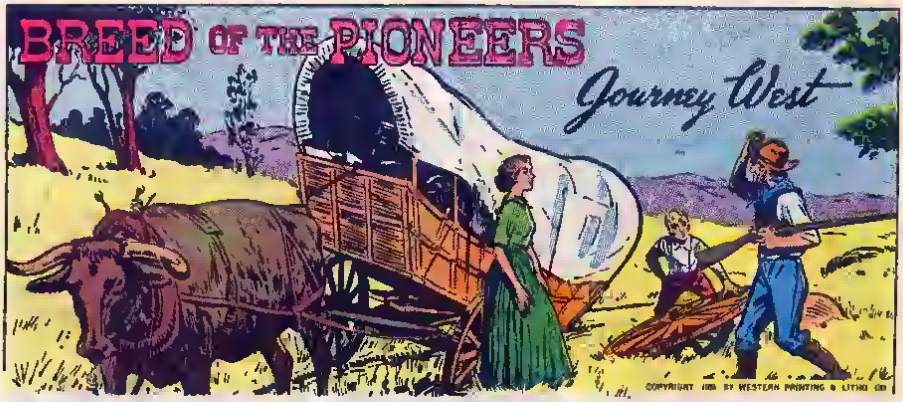
TWO HOURS LATER--WITH THE STORM PASSED...




LOOK! ACROSS THE DRAW! WHERE THE FLOOD LEVEL IS DROPPING! OUR DIGGINGS!
ARE YOU SURE?
OF COURSE, I'M SURE, ROY! THE FLOOD HAS CUT AWAY THE DIRT THAT HAD SLID OVER THAT LEDGE! CARRY ME ACROSS, SON! NOW!
THERE'S THE TUNNEL WE DUG, ROY! OHH! MY SHOULDER!
PUT ME DOWN, SON-- UGH! WAIT! THOSE BOOTS-- STICKING OUT OF THE CUT BANK! THEY LOOK--LIKE EL! DORN'S!
OHH! MMMH! PAIN'S KILLING ME, ROY! BUT BEFORE I...PASS OUT... I WANT YOU TO DIG! SEE WHO IS...INSIDE...THOSE BOOTS! OHH!
ALL RIGHT, OLD-TIMER! TAKE IT EASY, NOW...
HERE'S A SHOVEL! IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO FIND OUT...


IT'S ELI-- MY PARTNER! HE GOT CAUGHT IN THE SLIDE THAT HE STARTED TO HIDE OUR MINE! ROY, SEE WHAT'S IN HIS MONEY BELT!
THAT'S A JOB FOR THE CORONER, BROCKLIN! BUT I NOTICED IT WAS HEAVY--AS HEAVY AS GOLD!
ROY! GO AND DIG... FAR END OF TUNNEL! OUR MAIN CACHE... THERE!
ALL RIGHT! THAT WON'T TAKE LONG!
OIL DRUM...WITH A WOODEN LID! IF THERE'S ALL THE GOLD BROCKLIN CLAIMED--
WHEE-EE-EE! NEARLY FULL! NEARLY FULL--OF GOLD "BUTTONS"! SLUGS LEFT FROM THE MERCURY PROCESS! CLOSE TO HALF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH!
YOUR CACHE IS NEARLY FULL-- OF THESE BROCKLIN! ELI DORN COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MORE THAN WHAT IS IN HIS MONEY BELT!
GOOO! I'LL HAVE SOMETHING... TO LEAVE... MY DAUGHTER... ROSALIE...
MY WALLET, ROY! HER... PICTURE'S... INSIDE! WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME...GIVE HER THE GOLD! ELI HAD NO... HEIRS!
YOU'RE TALKING FOOLISHNESS, BROCKLIN! YOU'LL BE GIVING IT TO HER YOURSELF!


SHE'S COMING TO GRANTSVILLE...THREE DAYS FROM NOW! PROMISE ME... YOU'LL...MEET HER, ROY!
OF COURSE, I'LL MEET HER, OLD-TIMER! BUT RIGHT NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE--AND RIDE TO TOWN FOR DOC KELLY AND A WAGON TO BRING YOU IN...
NO USE! I'M DONE FOR! THINGS...GETTING ...DARK! REGISTER THE MINE FOR YOURSELF AND ROSALIE...
HE'S PASSED OUT AGAIN--BUT HE'S A LONG WAY FROM DYING!
I'LL LEAVE HIM IN HERE--SAFE FROM ANOTHER EARTH SLIDE...
I'LL REGISTER THIS CLAIM IN THE NAMES OF BROCKLIN AND HIS DAUGHTER--JUST TO MAKE SURE NOBODY JUMPS THESE FEW
IT! ALL I WANT IS "BUTTONS"...
...FOR EVIDENCE! AND THAT WILL WIND UP THE BUSINESS OF THE "LOST" RED LEDGE GOLD!



In the year 1896, Brad Hunter and his family prepared to leave from Raccoon Creek, Indiana, for California.

Brad Hunter's farm had not been doing well. Easterners were importing a new foodstuff, called soya, and corn had dropped to 3 cents a pound. If it hadn't been for their cow—and her rich milk, butter and cheese—the Hunter family might have starved.

With the meager cash he received for his thirty acres, Brad, a tall, sinewy man of thirty-five, bought a cheap Conestoga wagon and one ox. He loaded it with flour, (bread being the pioneers' principal dish), canned meat, and coffee. Then—with no map, except the trail made by previous travelers—he, his wife, Patricia, and their fourteen-year-old son, Jim, began the long, dangerous trek across the great Western plains.

They hadn't gone five miles before one of the wagon wheels came off. After a three hour delay, they started again. Night found them forming a circle, with other wagons, to discourage Indian attacks.

The next morning, they packed hastily and, once more, the covered wagon's ponderous wheels started turning.

"Jim, will you fetch me a drink?" asked the hardy frontiersman's wife, as the hot midday sun poured down.

"Shore, Ma," said Jim, running for the rear of the wagon. But, the water keg *wasn't there!* Jim searched frantically through the supplies; but, there was no keg.

"Paw! Paw! The water's gone!" he cried, running to his father.

"This is no time for your jokes, young 'un," said Brad Hunter, his lined, mahogany face wrinkling between the braws. But, it was no joke. In their haste to break camp, they had forgotten to pack the water.

They walked all that day, without finding any water. They tried to borrow some from passing wagons, but there was none to spare.

Their second night on the Western plains was not a cheerful one. They had come seventeen miles, with eight-hundred and thirty still to go.

In the morning, Brad chipped some sap out of a maple, giving them enough strength to go on. Thunder clouds followed them all day, but still it refused to rain.

Jim's thin shoes were a sorry sight. His tongue felt like a tennis ball. After he fell the second time, his father put him in the wagon and shouldered a hundred-pound sack of flour to allow for the extra weight.

That night, the coyotes were particularly noisy.

"The coyotes must be thirsty, too, Paw," said Jim.

"'Tisn't coyotes," said his father, "it's Injuns."

When the misty sun rose on the arid plain, three Indians astride ponies, and carrying spears, sat solemnly watching the woking

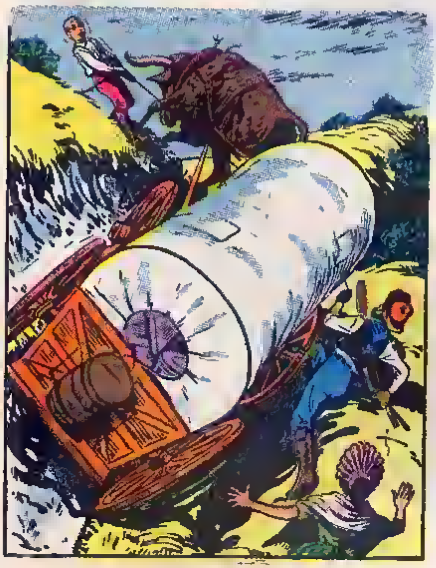
Hunters. Jim's first impulse was to rush for the blunderbuss (their only weapon), but his father restrained him with a hard grip.

"Friends!" said Brad Hunter, extending his open hand. The Indians didn't move or change expression. Brad reached in his pocket and pulled out his only valuable possession—a watch and fob, brought over from England. He held it to the biggest Indian's ear and, immediately, the brave's mouth broke into a huge grin. He reached for it, but Brad pulled it away. In the best sign language he knew, he bargained for water. One of the Indians rode off and came back, soon, with a pouch containing the precious liquid. The Hunter family gulped gratefully, and the Indians rode peacefully away.

The water problem was solved—temporarily. And by a source they'd least expected—their unpredictable foes, the redmen.

With new strength, they surged forward—over boulders, across rapids, and through mud.

They were pulling up a steep hill when Brad Hunter broke his leg. The wagon overturned on him as he was pulling on the guy rope. Since he knew the most about anatomy,





he had to set his own leg.

There was nothing for him to do but ride in the wagon. This meant throwing some of the food out, as they were approaching the mountains and the ox was showing signs of tiring. It looked like an impossible feat: crossing the Rocky Mountains with a sick man, a woman, and a fourteen-year-old boy. But there was no turning back. It was as far back to Indiana as it was to California. They had passed the halfway mark!

"Jim," said Brad, as he lay, in great pain, in the wagon, "it all depends on you."

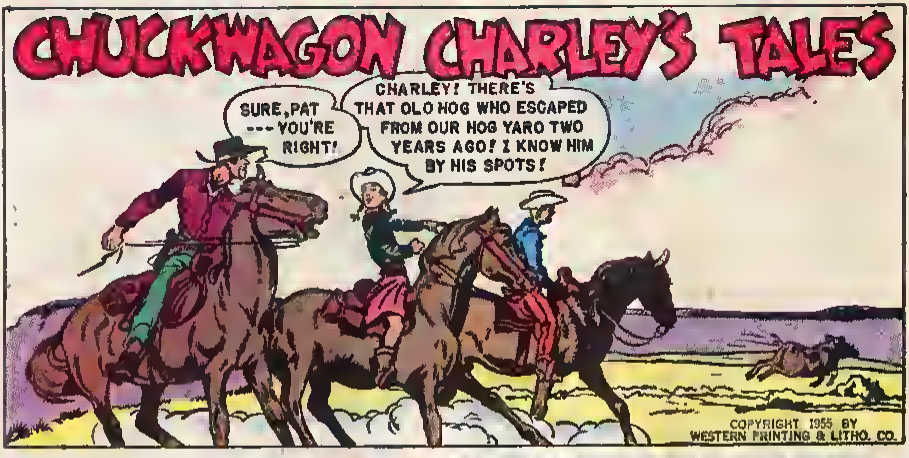
"Giddap!" Jim ordered the ever-patient ox.

When they finally reached Nevada, (months after they'd left Raccoon Creek), their cheeks were hollow, and their eyes burned with a feverish light.

Before they reached California, they had one more danger to battle. A flash fire stampeded their ox over a cliff, forcing them to abandon their wagon, and ride the remaining fifty miles with a kind family.

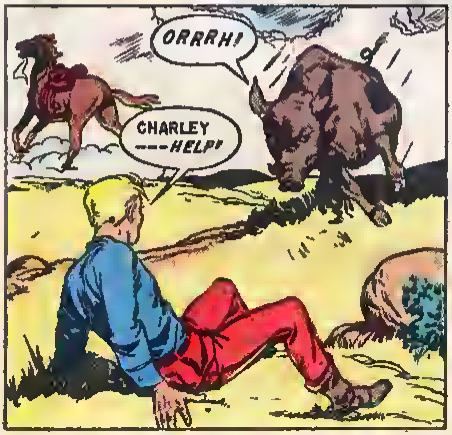
When they saw the Sierras of California, they almost wept with joy. In spite of their hardships, they had been three of the luckier trail blazers. True, their only possessions were the clothes on their backs; but, the bones of many of their fellow pioneers lay on the trail they had so courageously covered. And, before them lay the fertile land they had journeyed three thousand miles to find and realize their destiny from its rich earth.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES





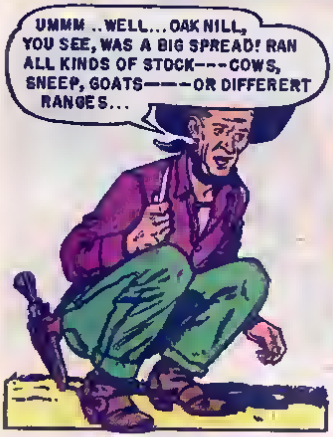


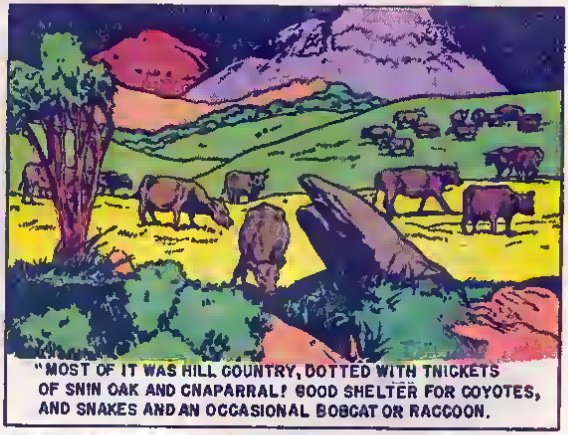





I'LL DRESS OUT THAT PORK NOW, AND WE'LL NAVE SOME GOOD MEAT TO PACK NOME, PETE!
PORK---? UN---YEAH! BUT, SAY, CHARLEY--- I NAD A PRETTY CLOSE CALL, DIDN'T I?


CLOSE CALL? WELL--- I RECKON IT WAS ABOUT AS CLOSE AS THE ONE I NAD DOWN IN TEXAS--- NUNTING FOR TNE BLACK KILLER OF OAK HILL...
ONH! THE "BLACK KILLER"---? YOU NEVER TOLD US ABOUT NIM, CHARLEY. PLEASE....


UMMM ..WELL... OAK NILL, YOU SEE, WAS A BIG SPREAD! RAN ALL KINDS OF STOCK---COWS, SNEEP, GOATS---OR DIFFERERT RANGES...


"MOST OF IT WAS HILL COUNTRY, DOTTED WITH TNICKETS OF SNIN OAK AND CNAPARRAL! GOOD SHELTER FOR COYOTES, AND SNAKES AND AN OCCASIONAL BOBCAT OR RACCOON.


"THOSE CRITTERS ALWAYS ACCOUNTED FOR A FEW SMALL CALVES EACH YEAR...


MOOOO-EEEEE OOOO!
MOOO-UHH!
"---BUT WHER TNREE OR FOUR COWS A WEEK SNOWED UP BELLOWING AND MOURNING---WITHOUT THEIR CALVES--- WE KNEW TNERE WAS A BAD KILLER AT WORK!"

"RIGHT AWAY, EVERY COWBOY WORKING FOR THE OAK LEAF BRAND WAS ORDERED TO HUNT FOR THE PREDATOR — BUT IT WASN'T TILL I DISCOVERED SOME REMAINS IN THE CHAPARRAL THAT ANYBODY GUESSED WHO HE WAS!"

SO-O-O! *THAT'S* WHAT'S BEEN DOING THE CALF KILLING!

FEET AND HEAD——— THAT'S ALL THE KILLER LEFT! ONLY ONE CRITTER EATS ALL OF A KILL, THAT WAY———

"ALL THE SIGNS POINTED TO A WILD BOAR ———OR A TAME BOAR GONE WILD AND TURNED STOCK KILLER! EITHER ONE, AS DANGEROUS AS A LION WHEN CORNERED, AND ABOUT AS HARD TO STOP!"

"MY REPORT GOT QUICK ACTION FROM THE BOSS... HE SET ALL HIS RIDERS TO BEATING THE THICKETS FOR A WILD HOG ..

"———BUT ALL WE FOUND WAS SOME MORE CALF REMAINS! THE KILLINGS ON THE CATTLE RANGE STOPPED...

"———AND BROKE OUT ON THE SHEEP RANGE!"

YI-YIKE!

AIEE! WHAT IS KILLING MY DOG——?

MAA-AAA-AAH!



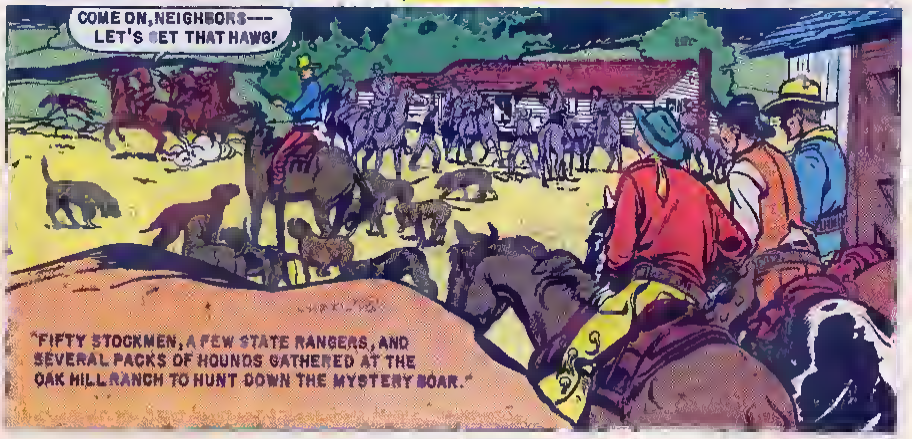
"ANY OOG WHO TRIED TO OEFEND HIS WOOLIES WAS LIKELY TO PAY FOR IT WITH HIS LIFE! KILLED BY A CRITTER NOBODY HAD SEEN!"



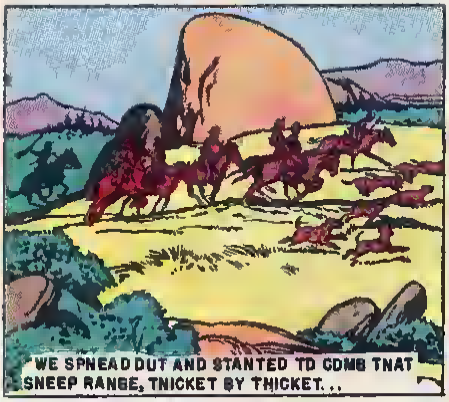
"TWO WEEKS LATER, A SHEEPHERDER WAS FOUND BY THE RIDER WHO BROUGHT MAIL AND SUPPLIES."



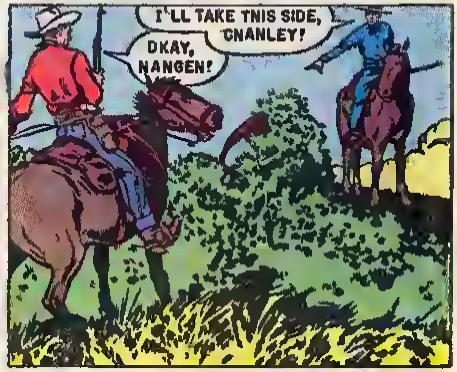




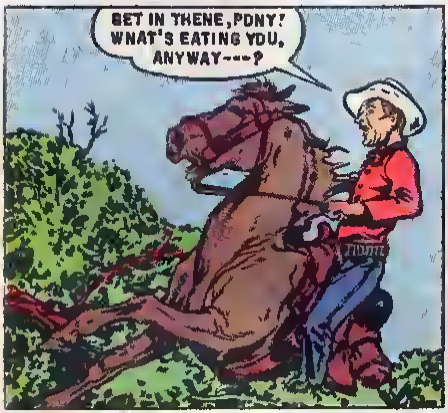
"FIFTY STOCKMEN, A FEW STATE RANGERS, AND SEVERAL PACKS OF HOUNDS GATHERED AT THE OAK HILL RANCH TO HUNT DOWN THE MYSTERY BOAR."



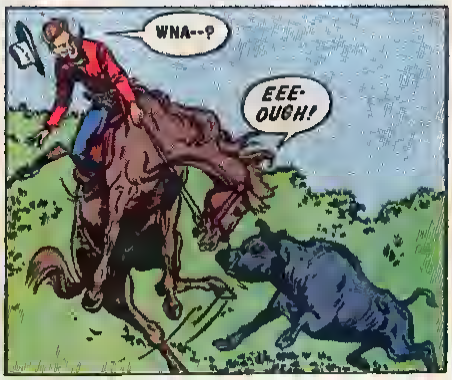
"ABOUT NOON, I WAS BEATING A BIG PATCH DF CNAPANNAL WITN A STATE RANGEN! THENE WASN'T ANY DOG WITH US---DN THINGS MIGHT HAVE TUNNED OUT DIPPENENTLY..."



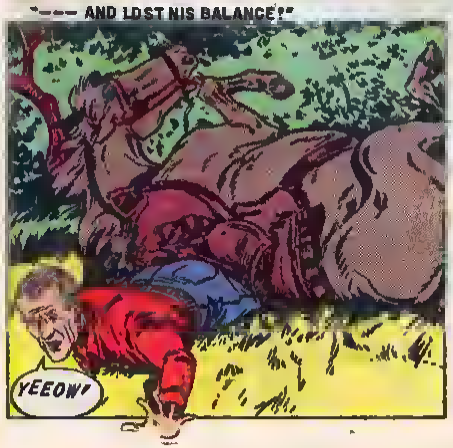
"MY NDRSE ACTED MIGHTY SPOOKY, AND I WAS TDD DUMB TO GUESS WNY, UNTIL---"



"---A BIG, BLACK *SOMETHING* BURST DUT DF THE THIDK CDVEN, AND LUNGED FDN MY NDNSE'S BELLY. TNE PDDN NDRSE GAVE DNE SCREAM---"



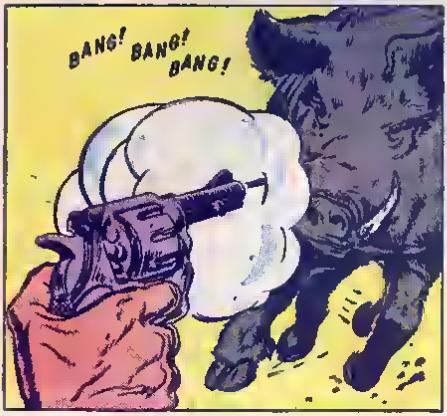
"---AND LDST NIS BALANCE!"



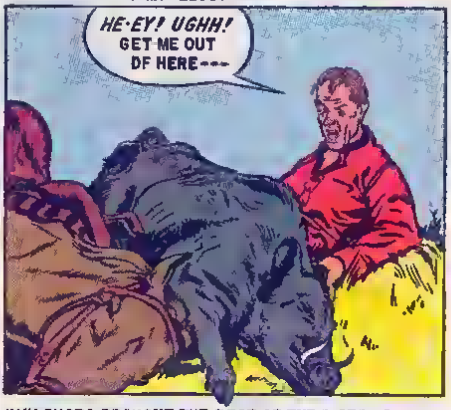
"TNE NEXT THING I KNEW, MY LEG WAS PINNED UNDER A DYING NDRSE, AND THAT DLD BLACK BOAR WAS MAKING STNAIGHT FDR *ME!*



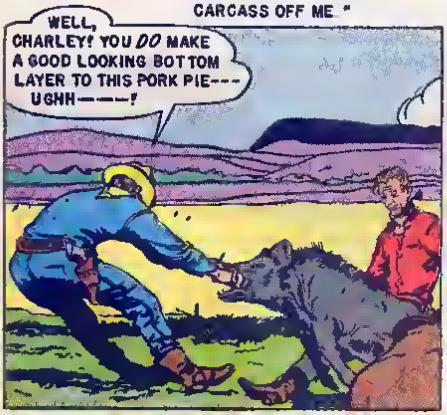
"I HAD JUST TIME TO AIM MY BELT GUN AND TRIGGER TWO OR THREE FAST SHOTS!"



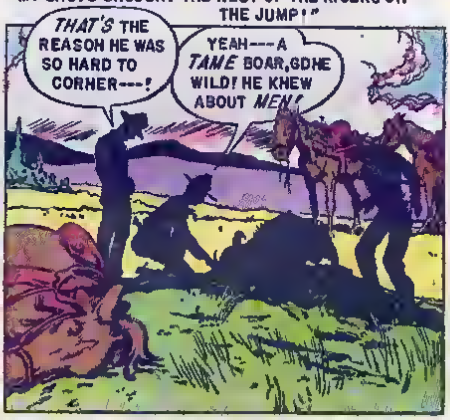
"THE BLACK KILLER WAS DEAD WHEN HE STOPPED, BUT HIS FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS WEIGHT WAS LYING RIGHT ACROSS MY LEGS."

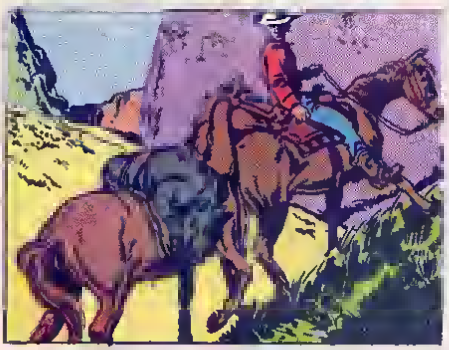


"THE RANGER HAD ALL HE COULD DO TO DRAG THE CARCASS OFF ME."

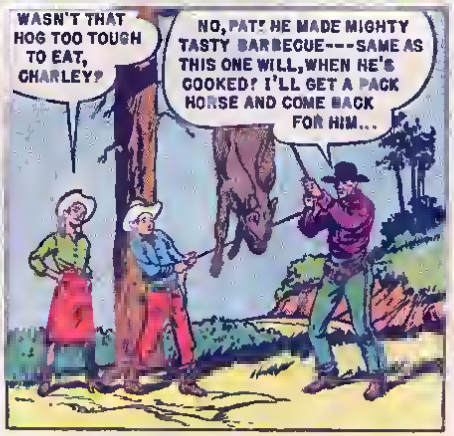


"MY SHOTS BROUGHT THE REST OF THE RIDERS ON THE JUMP!"





"WE DRESSED OUT THE PORK THEN AND THERE---AND LOADED THE CARCASS ON A HORSE.. AIMED TO BARBECUE HIM AND HOLD A *FIESTA*, BACK AT THE RANCH ----FOR ALL THE HUNTERS..."

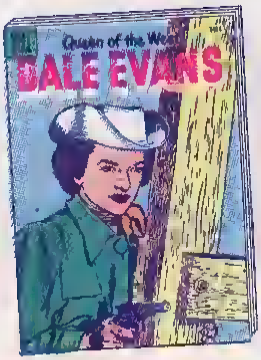




MOVING DAY FOR THE ASSINIBOIN



Moving day for a village of the Assiniboin, a branch of the Sioux, was a picturesque sight. The warriors on their horses rode ahead and on the flanks of the colorful procession to guard against surprise attacks by enemy raiders. All family belongings were packed in lodge covers, and hauled on travois pulled by the women's ponies. A constant flurry of children and wolf-like dogs gave the procession an appearance of whirling activity, with the constantly swinging quirts of the women beating a rhythmic cadence for the march. Babies rode along with their mothers, swung from the saddle in cradle boards, or strapped to their mothers' backs. Older children ran alongside or rode old, gentle ponies recklessly up and down the line, pretending they were warriors protecting the procession. The older boys, not yet proven warriors, drove the pony herd along the flanks, allowing them to graze as they moved along under the constant protection of the warriors.



Come on, all you Cowhands!

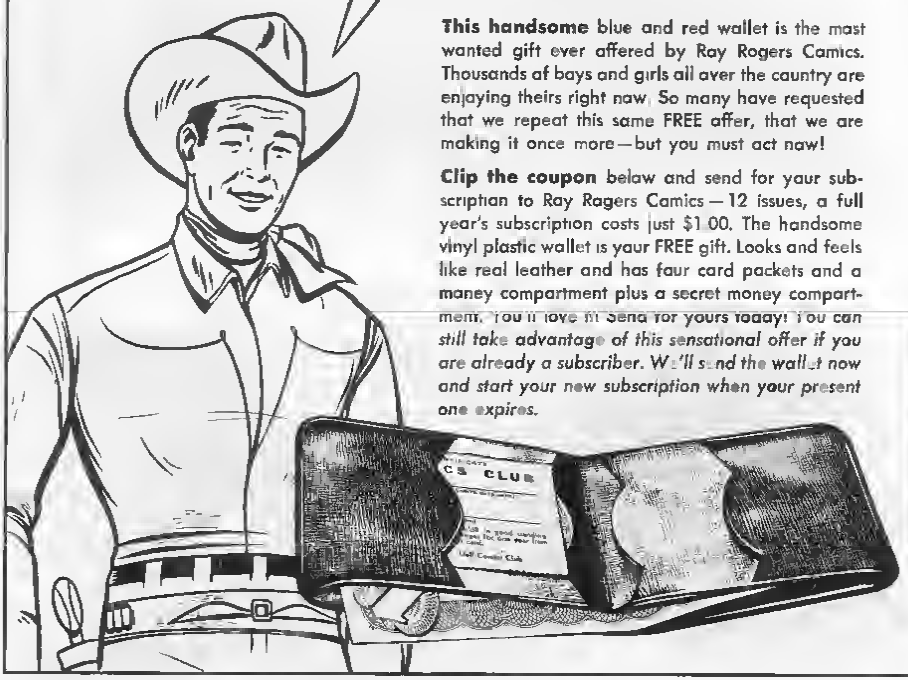
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